



How Was I Supposed To Know?



👁 41 ✓ 1 ★ 4

Chapter 1 by XOXkitkatXOX

I walked up to school that day not knowing it was gonna be my last day.

How was I supposed to know? How was anybody supposed to know? Am I right? I'm sorry, I'm weird... I mean... I'm talking to myself right now! And I still am.

Anyways, Andy, back to the story. I walked into the school, and I went straight to my first period class, like I do every day, but this time, the teacher wasn't there.

Okay, you need to shut up, I only have seven minutes left to tell you what happened! You know what will happen if I don't. What do you mean you don't know! You die, too! Why? Because that's just how it is! Oh, you mean why seven minutes! Because the brain is still functioning for seven minutes after you die! And I died! I only have seven minutes.

Back to the story.....

Chapter 2 by -



In fact, none of the students were either. I checked my watch to make sure it matched the one hanging on the wall. Yep... On time.

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Then I noticed it. The trail of red ink. I ran behind the teacher's desk to the window.

I slowly followed it, holding my breath, scared to imagine what it was. I crept my head out the window, scared.

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My hand flew up to my mouth, holding back a girlish shriek as I jerked my head back in. I leaned against the wall panting.

I dropped my backpack on the floor and ran out, and down the hall.

"Murder! Help, Murder!"

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